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The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1904 **10,652**
Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1903 **8,285**
Increase **2,367**

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New York
EVER carried in regular editions in nine consecutive months
such a volume of display advertising as the Evening World
carried during the first nine months 1904.

IN THREE YEARS THE EVENING WORLD HAS
MOVED TO THE FIRST PLACE.

THE SUBWAY REALIZATION.

Mr. Cleveland has said that he would rather have
a son of his build a Brooklyn Bridge than become
President. To-day there is achieved in the completion
of the subway a "conquest of engineering enterprise,"
to use the Mayor's words, which reflects greater glory
on its creator than public office could confer. The
history of engineering accomplishment, which shows
among its feats the tunnelling of the Alps, furnishes
few parallels of so imperial a conquest of seemingly
insuperable obstacles as has been made by the steam
drill and the dynamite cartridge through the rocky ribs
of Manhattan.

It is significant that as the first crowds enter the sub-
way to realize the greatest purchasing power of a nickel
the world has ever known, borings are being made for
the new rapid transit tunnels which are to provide a
connecting loop around the outer edges of the island.
The great event which the city is celebrating is only a
beginning of subway development for which it has
blazed a way. It is but a first link in a system of under-
ground intercommunication which on its final comple-
tion will constitute the world's new wonder.

Not the least important aspect of subway transit is
the influence it is destined to exert to change old con-
ditions other than those of travel. In England they
have found that the fast trolley lines which carry the
laboring class to homes at a distance from cities have
worked a revolution in the liquor traffic, putting public
houses out of business and largely diminishing the con-
sumption of beer. An adjustment of business interests
to meet the new requirements and a shifting of retail
trade centres must come as a consequence of the gen-
eral use of the subway with its new collecting and dis-
tributing points. The development of an underground
city which the road will stimulate, and of which there
is already a beginning at Twenty-third street, will be
watched with interest. The daily gain of an hour in
travelling time by every patron will be of moment. To
what use will the great aggregate of days thus re-
claimed be put? What effect will faster communica-
tion have in changing population centres? The "L"
built up Harlem. Is it an unwarranted anticipation to
foresee the eventual removal of the city limits to the
Connecticut line on the east and the incorporation of
all of Westchester on the north through the extension
of the subway?

The completion of this mammoth enterprise is co-
incident with the adoption by the New York Central,
the New Haven, the Long Island and the Erie railroads
of plans for the substitution of electricity for steam on
their suburban lines. Is it fanciful to foresee these
trains some day running through the city's network
of tunnels to points readier of access by commuters?
Is not the time approaching when a White Plains, a
Tarrytown or an Oyster Bay passenger may take his
train at the City Hall or the Battery?

In view of what has been accomplished within a
few years, the forecast cannot be considered extravagant
or the possibilities of rapid-transit development out-
lined regarded as remote.

RAILROAD "SAFETY" MARKED DOWN.

On the authority of an annual report it is stated that
a certain railroad cut down by \$20,000 last year its ex-
penses for superintendence in transportation. "Cur-
iously," the news item adds, "the cost of clearing wrecks
on the same line increased from \$21,000 to \$34,000, and
the cost for injuries to persons increased from \$87,000 to
\$94,000. The saving in superintendence was wiped out
by the loss through wrecks."

According to the same item, other railroads attempted
also to reduce the price of safety. Figures were given
in the one instance to point the lesson of compensation.
Beyond a doubt false economies on the lines indicated
have had to do with the past year's frightful increase in
railroad fatalities.

Eighty-five per cent. of our American railways are
supposed to be saving money by failing to put in block
signals. Really, they are transferring cost from the
constructing and operating department to the accident
department. And there is a similar transfer wherever
an alleged economy detracts from safety.

Cheapness that is strained for comes high in rail-
way management. If the companies had to stand all the
cost, the people would have no call to complain. But
since the countercharges for neglect have to be met by
the yielding up of lives and limbs by travellers in gen-
eral, the case is one of vital public concern. Diligent
care has ranked too long, by far, as second to dividends.

NOT SO DIFFICULT.

Though "Civilized man cannot live without cooks,"
to get the right sort is less hard than it looks.
If you seek for the kind that will make your food seem
like the food of some epicurean dream,
Then let ill-cooked food far your temper no more.
Would you had a wife, bring the best cooks to your door.

Beware the Chum Habit.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith



Nixola Greeley-Smith.

MOST women are foolish in some ways and some women in all ways, but of all petticoated exponents of folly, she who permits herself the fatal chum habit is surely the most hopeless.

We all like to talk about our personal experiences, particularly those of a sentimental order, but many of us are wise enough to realize that we inevitably indulge the foolish craving for self-revelation at our own expense.

But there remains a vast majority of womankind who, despite the dimstrous and it would seem warning consequences of telling their best friends more about themselves than they would be willing to have read aloud in church, persist in having some cherished chum to whom they publish their own weaknesses to the world.

All women like to talk about their weaknesses as all men like to boast of their virtues, possibly because in both instances they are largely of imagination all compact. If by any chance they haven't any to talk about, invention serves as well as truth, for they must make themselves interesting at any cost.

But to any woman who desires to entertain her intimate friend and dearest chum, etc., with her private affairs, be it said emphatically—don't.

If you must tell everything you know tell it to a member of your own family or a man who may not think it interesting enough to repeat.

I have always thought that, quite apart from any religious significance to it, the habit of confession must be of material benefit to those who practise it. For it affords a safe outlet for confidences and may thus serve as a protection against other and less secure channels.

However, there are women who are not satisfied with telling the story of their lives to one person and leaving the rest to time and the inevitable indiscretion of the confidante. Every new and sympathetic feminine acquaintance entails a new edition of the wondrous tales until they have taken all the world's wife into the secret.

"I must tell some one—
It might as well be you."

Seems the sum and substance of their philosophy.

I knew a family of five sisters each one of whom possessed harmless but carefully guarded little secrets from the others, but which were duly related to five separate chums.

The greatest nuisance of the chum habit is, that, having acquired it, it can't be shaken. Once we have told the sharer of our secrets and ice-cream sodas the names of all the men who have proposed to us and of a great many who didn't, as well as other details of equally thrilling heart interest, we can't afford to quarrel with her, or at least we think we can't.

The habit of alliance in regard to our families and love affairs cannot be overdeveloped. The only persons who never have to reproach themselves with talking too much are infants under a year old and the dumb—and they are the only ones who may cultivate the chum habit without detriment to themselves.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Grand Central Queries.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
C says Grand Central Depot is leased to the New York Central Railroad by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. B says reverse is the case. Which is right? C and B.

The New York and New Haven leases traffic rights and offices at Grand Central Depot from the New York Central. The latter owns the property.

An Etiquette Query.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Does it make any difference with which hand a gentleman raises his hat to a young lady? C. R.

He should raise his hat with the hand furthest from her. Thus when meeting her on the street and passing to her right he should raise his hat with his left hand.

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Must a letter of condolence be written on mourning stationery? J. E. A.

Initials of Maiden Name.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In sending a wedding present, should it be engraved with the initials of the bride's new name, or should it bear the initials of her maiden name? F. M. S.

At Bureau of Vital Statistics.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where are marriages recorded by the city? EDWARD A.

Saturday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day of the week did Sept. 27, 1884, fall? W. B.

Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Should an overcoat be worn with a Tuxedo suit while out of doors? A. R.

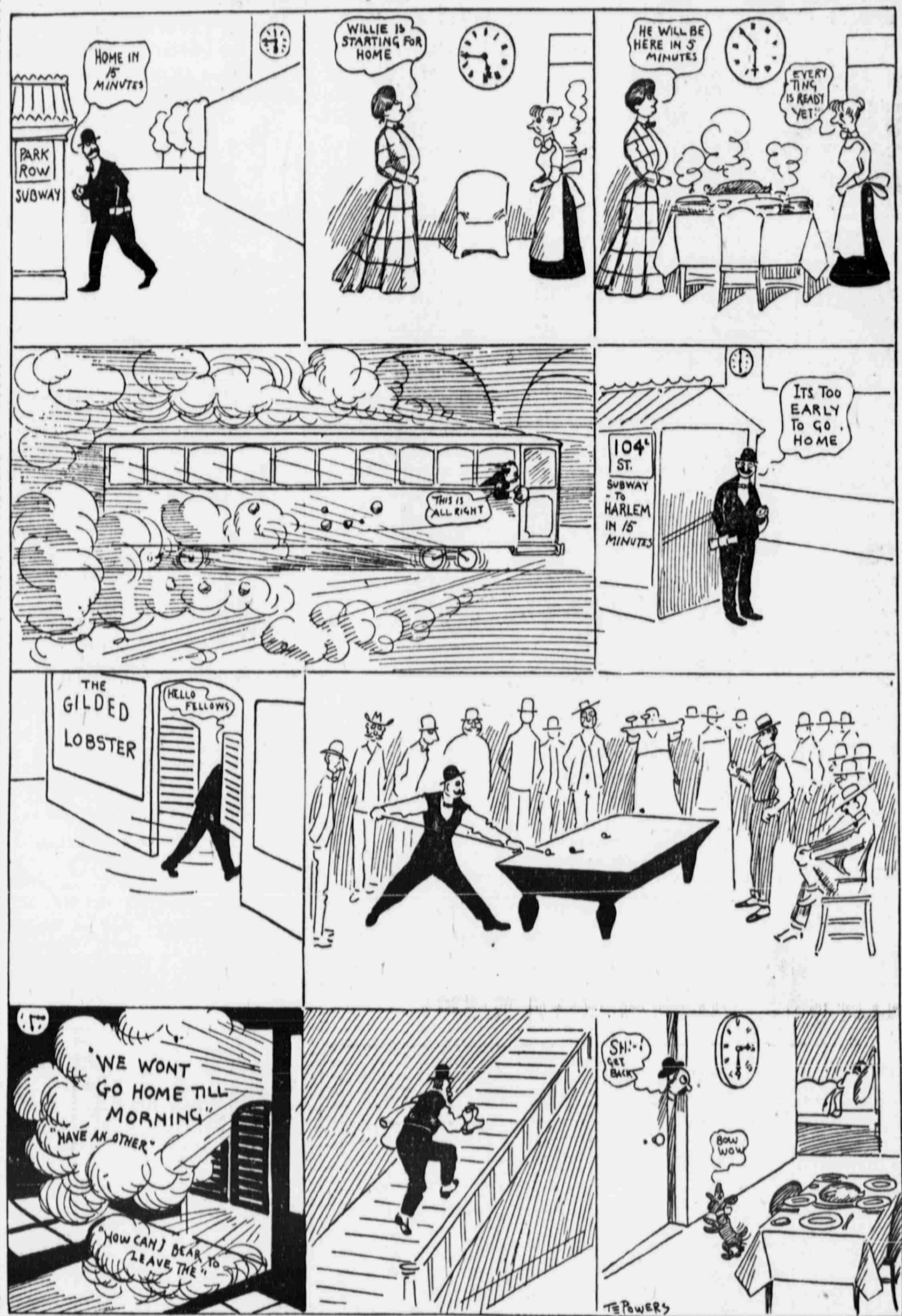
Indian Summer.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
At what time of the year does Indian summer commence? How does it get the name? GEORGE N. W.

Indian summer is usually early in November. The Indians, in Colonial times often took advantage of these few warm days in late autumn to leave their winter quarters and attack white settlers. The latter thus gave the November "warm spell" the nickname of "Indian summer."

The Former Is Correct.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which phrase is correct: "I haven't drunk" or "I haven't drank"? ROSE D.

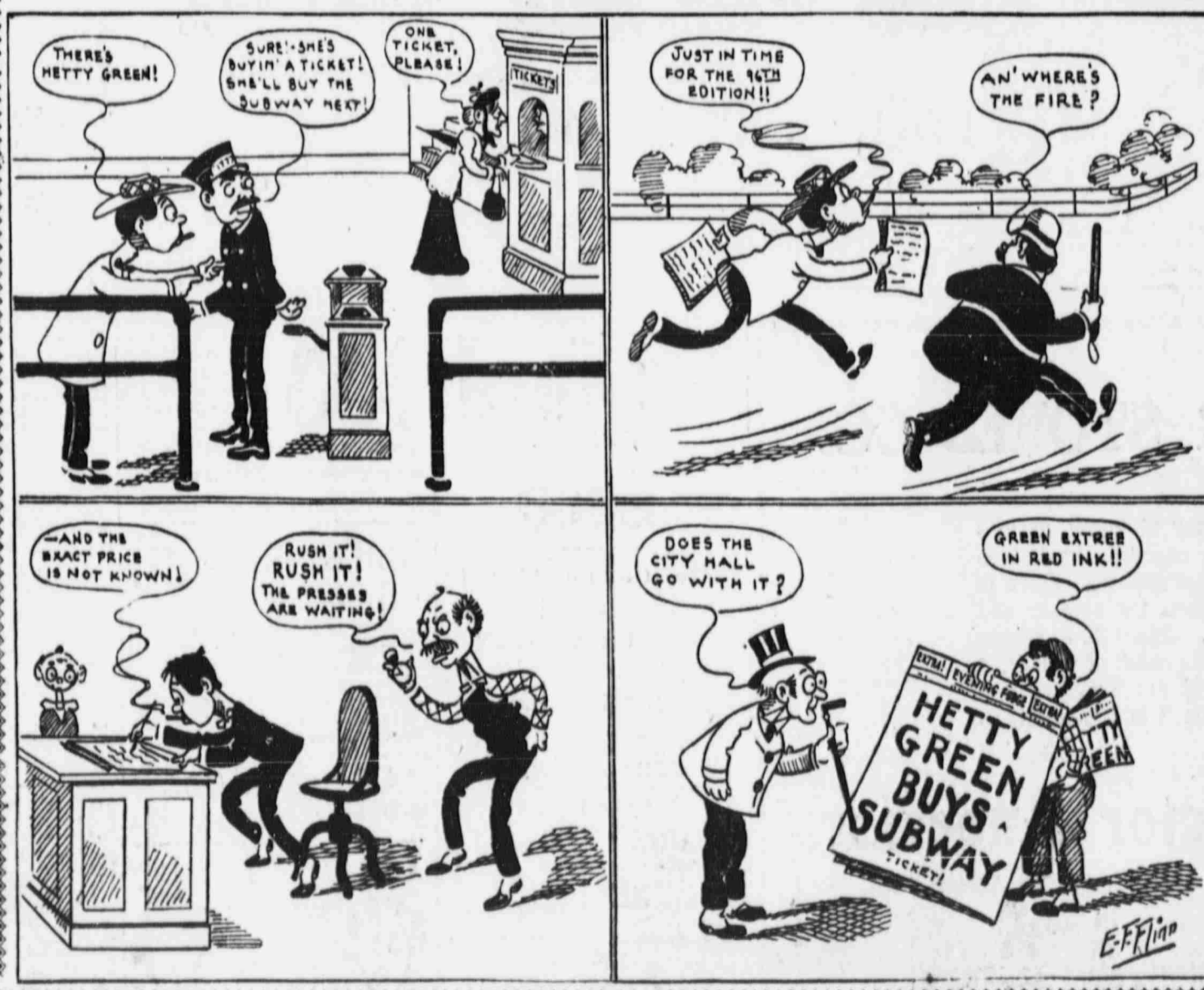
To Harlem in Fifteen Minutes

Artist Powers Thinks the Subway Won't Get Some Men Home Any Quicker Than the Old Way Did.



Sammy Smudge, The "Evening Fudge" Wonder.

A Little incident of Subway Day Which Gets Into His Red Ink Category of "All the News That's Fit to Magnify."



The Man Higher Up

BY MARTIN GREEN.

How Novelty May Henceforth Be Injected Into the Campaign.

"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that Judge Parker has begun a vigorous campaign by attending a performance at the Grand street Yiddish Theatre."

"It wasn't a complete piece of campaign work," complained the Man Higher Up. "To make it good he should have gone over to St. Nicholas after the show and rolled District-Attorney Jerome a game of cocked hat. Better not try to campaign at all than to campaign like a pliker."

"This activity on the part of the Judge is getting Theodore the First so far up in the air that they are holding him with ropes. He has one of Santos Dumont's dirigible airships looking like a section of the Subway."

"I have it from the best of authority that when the President heard of Judge Parker's peerless piece of campaigning he insisted on starting for New York to attend a performance at Miner's Eighth Avenue. He telegraphed Fairbanks to abandon his speaking tour and arrange to spend the rest of the term before election day sitting in a box at all the performances in the Italian vaudeville theatre in Canal street. Don't be surprised any evening if you happen into the Chinese theatre to find President Roosevelt there, with his Cabinet, applauding the 64th act of 'A Laundryman's Wrougah.'"

"We have been looking for novelty in the campaign, and we are getting it. They tell me that on next Saturday evening Judge Herrick is to attend the ball of the Decorative Overall Buttonhole Workers' Association at Webster Hall, and on the same evening Frank Wayland Higgins is to lead the cotillion at the annual fall function of the Marble Typewriters' Association at Germania Assembly Rooms. Both political parties are working for a permit to burn tar barrels in Hamilton Fish Park on Halloween."

"It takes a versatile man to be a candidate nowadays," remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"And that's no jest," agreed the Man Higher Up. "About four years from now the candidate will be compelled to qualify by pushing a wheelbarrow full of issues over a tightrope stretched from the roof of the Flatiron Building to the tower of Madison Square Garden."

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. —

By Roy L. McCardell.

"IT IS a lovely afternoon, and, of course, you are late and we can't go out for a walk, Mr. Nagg. It is too late, you say? I know it is not too late for you. Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done."

"I wanted to do so many things this week, but here it is Thursday, to-morrow is Friday, and the next day is Saturday—and there's the whole week gone, and I haven't had time to do anything."

"Two weeks from now Mrs. Stryver gives her reception. I am sure I will get an invitation, because, although the nasty stuck up, codfish snob has always cut me, yet I let her win a cut-glass salad bowl at a progressive euchre party last winter. If she doesn't remember that and sends me an invitation to her affair I shall consider her a vulgar upstart, and will refuse to attend!"

"But suppose I do get an invitation to Mrs. Stryver's? I haven't a thing to wear. Yes, I have my new brown afternoon dress, but Mrs. Terwilliger has seen it, and Mrs. Grayley has seen it, and Mrs. Dubb has seen it. They won't get invitations, but suppose they should? I would feel like sinking through the floor!"

"Everybody who has been to one of Mrs. Stryver's affairs say they are horridly dull. A pianola recital and horrid operatic squalling by her skinny sister, and she has her house so overheated and close everybody gets raging headaches."

"Besides, Mrs. Colby tells me that the punch she sets out poisons everybody, and she has about a pound of champagne wafers and a dozen stale lettuce sandwiches for refreshments for 200 people!"

"You may not want to get into society, you only have sordid ideas. But in seventeen or eighteen years baby will be ready to make her debut in society, and unless I have good social connections formed what will become of her?"

"I have never had coarse or vulgar tastes. I love all that is refined and cultivated, and that is why I am so anxious to get in a better set, and if I do I will out Mrs. Terwilliger, Mrs. Grayley and all the rest of the stupid people I know."

"As for Mr. and Mrs. Dubb, you know Mrs. Dubb keeps a boarding-house, and, of course, she is socially impossible. My mother kept boarders, you say? Oh, Mr. Nagg, you wish to give me a cut about that, do you? Well, mamma's case was totally different. Mamma was so fond of company, and she had a big house, and papa was suffering from chronic alcoholism, and, besides, we lived in Brooklyn, and mamma only accepted people of the highest social standing, who paid in advance!"

"But it was just like you to twist me about it! If mamma kept a boarding-house, your married sister lives in an apartment hotel, so there! I don't care if she does pay \$15,000 a year, the principle is the same!"

"You are trying to evade the question, Mr. Nagg. What I was saying when you deliberately attempted to wound my feelings by your coarse remarks concerning my mamma was that I try at least to get into society."

"You don't! You know you don't! Do you ever bring any lovely people to the house? No! It was I that became first acquainted with Mr. Smig, and you know that no one in society ties his cravats so smartly."

"Does Mr. Smig come here any more? No! Oh, don't say it is because he has borrowed so much money from you that he avoids us!"

"That is not the reason. I don't know what the reason is, but doubtless you said something to him to affront him. And, besides, brother Willie called him names, and threatened to give him a slap on the wrist just after he sang 'Violent' so sweetly."

"I saw dear Mr. Smig's eyes fill with tears, and he has never been around to borrow \$20 from us since."

"You put brother Willie up to say and do those things, for brother Willie is too sensitive and refined to behave that way."

"How can I get into society if you act like a ruffian? I always loved society. I have attended all the weddings in high life. I have been a martyr to social ambition."

"Didn't I ask you to prefer charges against the policeman who spoke rudely to me because I tried to climb into the bride's carriage ahead of all the other women outside the church at the Marlborough wedding?"

"When Mrs. Gold married the titled Englishman didn't I catch a cold that laid me up in bed for a week, because I stood out in front of the house, trying to get in to see presents, for six hours?"

"You don't care, Mr. Nagg? Your ambitions are all sordid; but why did you taunt me about my poor mamma keeping a few select boarders? And you have kept me here, quarrelling with me, when I wanted to go out for a walk!"